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THE TWENTY-FOURTH of MAY.

AN

ODE

On his ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCE of WALES's BIRTH-DAY.

By J. M.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara Deûm ſoboles----

VIRG.

LONDON:
Printed for D. WILSON and T. DURHAM, at Plato's Head, near Round-Court, in the Strand.
MDCCLII.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH of MAY.

An ODE.

I.

HIGH blaz'd, with chearful Majeſty, the Sun:
Gay was the youthful Year.
Now firſt, all Nature's Jubilee begun,
Did the ſweet Roſe appear.
It was the joyful Hour of George's Birth:
Heav'n doubly ſmil'd upon the ſmiling Earth.

II.

Long had Britannia's Royal Womb forgot
To teem with Angels. Long
Had Ocean's Queen bewail'd her childleſs Lot.---
In agonizing Song,
Barren of Births, ſhe mourn'd: with drooping Head,
The Goddeſs mourn'd her Angel Offspring dead.

III.

Firſt her great Edward with his Fathers ſlept;
Loſt in the Prime of Youth.
Well might a Mother mourn: Religion wept;
Sore wept Celeſtial Truth.
Bold was the Monarch's Aim, divinely bold:
To realize a Chriſtian Age of Gold.

IV.

Britannia next beheld, with raviſh'd View,
Her God-like Henry riſe.
Above Deſcription fair the Proſpect grew,
Which bleſt a Mother's Eyes.
In him ſhe ſaw, with Harmony compleat,
The Saint, Philoſopher and Heroe meet.

V.

But vain, ſweet Prince, was Britain's ſhort-liv'd Hope,
O Greateſt! Wiſeſt! Beſt!
Vain was thy matchleſs Virtue: vain thy Scope
To make a People bleſt.
Heav'n's Vengeance burſting on a ſinful Land,
Early withdrew thy yet unſcepter'd Hand.

VI.

Late after, ſeen beneath great William's Wing,
An Angel Youth appear'd.
Rich ſhew'd the tender Bloſſoms of his Spring;
By Skilful Sarum rear'd.
But ſoon, ſeen only to be lov'd and mourn'd,
The Cherub to his Native Skies return'd.

VII.

What long our Fathers vainly wiſh'd to ſee,
Spontaneous Time beſtows.
A Golden Æra, ſo the Fates decree,
Faſt from their Diſtaff flows.
Now the great Months, a better Age begun,
From George's Birth, in ſplendid Order, run.

VIII.

Him Virtue, him Religion, him the Muſe
(Sweet Harbinger of Fame)
Ey'd from his Cradle, for their Patron chuſe
Him their Protector name.
Well-pleas'd around the lovely Chorus wait;
And form their Angel to be wiſe and great.

IX.

Harcourt, from thee, chief in the ſacred Truſt,
Divine the Taſk requir'd:
To make the riſing Generation juſt,
By George's Virtue fir'd.
Illuſtrious Peer, with animated Will;
Nobly thy great important Station fill.

Far,

X.

Far, Faithful Norwich, from thy Prince's Choice
Be baneful Pleaſure's Charm.
Againſt the ſubtle Siren's magic Voice
Arm him, wiſe Prelate, arm.
Let no lewd Buckingham prophane his Ear;
No vicious Wilmot in his Sight appear.

XI.

Perform, while in his ſacred Preſence plac'd,
All Men, a ſeem'ly Part.
Hide, Courtier, hide, if not by Virtue grac'd,
The Gangrene of your Heart.
O there the foul Deformity conceal,
Where Vice is Treaſon to the Public Weal.

Muſt

XII.

Muſt Britain's pure Religion ſtand or fall?
Her Laws exiſt or end?
Is Liberty to fail or flouriſh?---All
On this great Chance depend:
Whether our Sons, in the next Age's Courſe,
Prove better than their vicious Sires or worſe.

XIII.

Then riſe, O Royal Youth, the Nation's Hope;
Begin the Taſk divine.
Britain to bleſs was Henry's Princely Scope:
To ſave her muſt be thine.
A People, long reputed wiſe and brave,
Now ſtruggling in the Toils of Pleaſure, ſave.

XIV.

From dire opprobious Luxury, the Cauſe
Of ev'ry Public Woe;
The Bane of Liberty, Religion, Laws:
Britannia's deadly Foe,
Which on her ſacred Vitals preys of late;
Riſe, reſcue, George, and ſave a reeling State.

XV.

Vain all Example, vain is Reaſon's Courſe,
Where full-grown Vice prevails:
Since there, without a Miracle in Force,
Ev'n the great Goſpel fails.
Who would high Sentiments of Worth diffuſe,
Muſt virgin uncorrupted Channels chuſe.

XVI.

Be this the Taſk of George's early Years,
His firſtling Plume of Praiſe;
A youthful Band of wiſe and virtuous Peers,
Form'd in his Court, to raiſe;
Whoſe Love of Country, whoſe exalted Worth
May ſoar above their Eminence of Birth.

XVII.

Such Princely Leaders, gain'd to Virtue's Side,
Muſt well her Cauſe ſupport:
Since where could abject Luxury reſide,
If baniſh'd from a Court?
The Vulgar, rul'd by Faſhion or by Fame,
Would quickly bluſh at the reproachful Name.

XVIII.

Meek Henry's Royal Seminary fires,
For this, each high-born Youth
With manly Sentiments; for this, inſpires
The gen'rous Love of Truth.
A Weſtminſter, for this, her Nobles rears.---
Rouz'd by the Golden faſt-approaching Years,

XIX.

Wake, Britons: liſten to your Country's Call;
At the loud Summons riſe.
Haſte, Young of ev'ry Rank; haſte, Britons, all;
Lo Virtue's Banner flies;
George gives the Signal; arm: his Steps purſue;
Be valiant; Vice, your greateſt Foe, ſubdue.

XX.

Religion's amiable Plan of Grace,
O choſen Prince, fulfill.
Iſſu'd from Heroes of a pious Race;
Eye their Example ſtill.
Let the whole Luſtre of the Saxon Line,
United with the Brunſwic Splendour, ſhine.

XXI.

Would'ſt thou be lov'd, great Youth; on whom alone
The Nation builds her Truſt?
Copy the bright Example on the Throne:
Be warlike, mild, and juſt.
In the rich Robe of all his Virtues clad,
Make thus the Father of his People glad.

XXII.

Doſt thou the Royal great Auguſta love;
Doom'd, by the Will of Fate,
Alas! too ſoon, like a complaining Dove,
To mourn her God-like Mate?
Let her behold his Image ſtill alive;
Let the lov'd Huſband in the Son revive.

XXIII.

For thy long Life, thy Virtue's happier Courſe,
His raviſh'd Honours plead.
Thy Mother wreſtles, with an Angel's Force,
For Bleſſings on thy Head.
At Length Heav'n, vanquiſh'd by their Virtues, will
The Scope of thy great Anceſtors fulfill.

Their

XXIV.

Their long-wiſh'd Æra comes, Britain, rejoice;
And hail it, ev'ry Land.
At length (Prophetic be the Muſe's Voice)
Heav'ns Kingdom is at Hand.
To celebrate the Great, the Good, the Wiſe;
Then riſe; a thouſand lofty Pindars, riſe:

XXV.

Virtue the Theme. Of rapid Wheels no more.
Shall be the Taſk to ſing.
High let the true Pindaric Subject ſoar,
On Plato's Eagle Wing.
While George on Virtue's Baſis builds his Fame;
Bold, as her Subject, be the Muſe's Aim.

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FINIS.

XXIV.

Their long-with'd Æra comes: Britain, rejoice;
And Hail it, ev'ry Land.
At length (Prophetic be the Muse's Voice)
Heav'ns Kingdom is at Hand.
To celebrate the Great, the Good, the Wife;
Then rife; a thousand lofty Pindars, rife:

XXV.

Virtue the Theme. Of rapid Wheels no more
Shall be the Talk to sing.
High let the true Pindaric Subject soar,
On Plato's Eagle Wing.
While George on Virtue's Paths builds his Fame;
Bold as her Subject, be the Muse's Aim.

FINIS.